

Home Circle.

"WANTED—A BOY."

"Wanted—a boy." How often we.
These very common words may see.
"Wanted—a boy" to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun,
All that the men to-day can do
To-morrow the boys will be doing, too,
For the time is ever coming when
The boys must stand in the place of men.
"Wanted"—the world wants boys to-day,
And offers them all she has for pay,
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a deathless name,
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plow and pen,
Boys to forward the task begun;
For the world's great work is never done.
The world is anxious to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brain will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do:
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy.
"Wanted:" the world wants such a boy.

SUNSHINE IN THE HOME.

J. M. BERKEY.

Sunshine is a synonym for light and life. All nature greets the sunbeam with a glad welcome; for in its presence there is "fullness of joy;" in its absence there is gloom—decay and death.

Home is the word of fullest and richest meaning the language affords. It is a synonym for rest, security and happiness.

"Home is the sacred refuge of our life." He who has a good home is never poor. It is the fountain of purest love, the source of unselfish endeavor; the inspiration to noblest ambition; the shrine of all heroic sacrifice; the solace in life's reverses; the retreat from persecution and worry; and the abiding place of human happiness and earthly joy.

The true home has the sunshine always. It has much of the physical sunshine—that which comes streaming in through the unlatticed south window, as well as that which is stored away in the black diamonds under our hills. Both of these forms have their right place, and a welcome, in the cheery healthful, comfortable home. God sends freely the all-pervading and life-giving sunbeams to touch and gladden nature through the long days of spring and summer, and in his wisdom he has provided in rich abundance the coal un-

derer our hills—the concentrated sunshine of past ages—to bring comfort and cheer through the gloom and cold of fall and winter. Let this sunshine come into the home without stint or restraint. What though the delicate color should leave the parlor carpet, it will appear in richer beauty upon the healthy cheek. What though the coal bin should be a trifle higher, there will be increased vigor and ambition to meet its demands. Yes, let the home be richly supplied with the fuel and abundant sunshine all the year around, for it can bring only health and comfort to those who live in it. The average parlor is too much like the miser's gold, which brings pleasure only in its possession, and satisfaction only in seeing that no part is disturbed. Its costly and elegant furnishings bring care but not comfort; work, but no compensation. The house in all its apartments and environments should be adapted to health, use, and comfort, and as far as elegance or show detract from these purposes it is made so much less attractive for happy childhood, as well as for those who build it.

There is sunshine in the well ordered home—where cleanliness, regularity, neatness and order prevail, and which so infuse their needs into the daily life of each member of the family, that habits, strong and permanent, become the choice of all.

There is sunshine in the well-managed family table. The meal time should be a pleasant half hour to which the housewife has given thought and care without the consciousness of routine drudgery. The simplest meal can be made attractive and inviting as well as to subserve the needs of right living.

There is sunshine in a library of good books, in choice current literature, in simple games, in cheerful songs, and in ready conversation. From these come both pleasure and gain. And, were as much attention given to the higher pleasures of social and intellectual culture as to the mere accumulation of wealth there would come from many a home stronger intellects, higher ambitions, purer lives, and grander successes. Much of the discordant, mournful music we hear now-a-days comes from the shiftless, careless, doleful people who never had the inspira-

tion of a cheerful home, nor the ambition that comes from self-help in the rich fields of literary thought and beauty. The home should be more attractive than the streets to the boys, the parlor more interesting than the ball-room to the girls. When once the young people leave the home simply to seek a place to spend time aimlessly and uselessly, then the home has lost its charms, sunshine has been shut out, and its highest power for good—the training of children—is well nigh gone. The home, however humble, can be made a place where children would rather spend their leisure than in any other retreat open to them, and to this end it should always be made inviting and attractive in its intellectual, moral and social atmosphere.

There is sunshine in the mutual helpfulness and the warm companionship of the family circle. Happiness comes to him only who seeks to bring it to others. Selfishness must die in an atmosphere pervaded by the spirit of true hearted and whole-hearted helpfulness. Let the children feel the close companionship of father and mother and there will be no need of seeking a confidant elsewhere, and no sudden or startling revelations of wrong persistently followed until vicious habits have bound its victims for life.

Last, but not least, the brightest and purest sunshine that can come into the home is that which radiates from the Sun of Righteousness. It is heaven through its message to men—the Bible—that inspires to all that is true and noble and good in life, and which leads unerringly and always to a home of everlasting sunshine beyond the stars.—

Berlin, Pa.

The enemies of religion forget their greatest differences in opposition to Christ.

Blessings, healings, help for the needy always accompany the presence of Christ and his religion.

What you learn from bad habits and in bad society, you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you. I tell you in all sincerity, I would give my right hand if I could forget that which I have learned in bad society.—

J. B. Gough.